Lord Kitchener and Conscription, page 1674.

Modern Life

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NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

A Wise Word to Wives!

I hate to have to begin these notes with a piece of very exclusive information which will upset half the ladies in the Kingdom. But my duty to the Editor—and his readers—compels me. Lord Kitchener has asked—I may say appealed!—to Mr. Asquith to pass an Emergency Conscription Bill immediately, and to secure another million men in arms for Great Britain! The idea is to embody all the men capable of bearing arms between the ages of thirty and forty. As to the necessity for this measure I say nothing. I am no politician. I have my own notions of what Britain requires in the emergency of the moment, but there I leave the subject. Wives of men fit for arms had better be as nice as possible to their husbands during the next month!

* * *

Princess Mary to Have a Long Girlhood.

One peculiar result of the war is that while the Society engagements have been terminated in favour of "the real thing" at short notice, Royal romances have for the time come to an end. All marriage probabilities are suspended until the result of the struggle is known. Our Princess Mary is likely to have her girlhood entirely to herself, and the Strelitzer may safely consider his "chances" as past and gone. I mention this because I happen to know that there is no more romantically-minded young lady in Britain than the King's daughter, and from early infancy she imbibed a just horror of being "forced into marrying" for dynastic reasons, and she has all an English girl's glory in the notion of selecting her mate "for love." In Society, of course, a girl has a much greater chance of happiness in this important direction, as no dynastic considerations govern her "mating," and if she doesn't want to marry she needn't. There was the case of Lady Enid Fane, for instance.

* * *

"Lady Enid is Compelled to Come to the Point."

Lady Enid is the most romantically-minded girl in Britain. She was brought up with her cousin, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, the only daughter of Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, who has got lost in Namur, and together these two high-born flappers roamed Europe for years, sipping the sweets of mental romance in every odd corner of France and the Fatnerland, climbing mountains in Switzerland and worshipping gay German officers in the bads of the Deutschland. Lady Enid was left motherless in infancy, but her Duchess-aunt saw that she had "a good time," nevertheless. But when she grew out of short clothes, Lady Enid, who is a very pretty girl in the *petite* and red-lipped way, thought herself in love with lots of nice men, but "couldn't make up her mind." However, when Harry Vane came a-courtin' Lady Enid had to "come to the point!"

* * *

Why the Vane-Fane Engagement Hung Fire.

Harry Vane is heir to Lord Barnard, one of the great Border feudatories, and a neighbour of Lady Enid's father, Lord Westmorland. The pair have known each other all their lives. But Harry Vane is over thirty, and Lady Enid is under twenty. And that made a difference. However, Harry was so energetic that he eventually got Lady Enid's word on it, and nearly a year ago their engagement was announced. The wedding was expected to take place in the Spring, but it didn't come off. Society had its own conjectures as to the reasons, but nobody knew the truth. When the Season ended, and the Vane-Fane engagement remained uncemented by a "plain gold band," there were whispers of trouble. The truth of the matter was that Lord Barnard and his son were at loggerheads over Harry's innumerable bills with the money-lenders, which, coming on top of a few other domestic differences—some dating from the time of Harry's leaving Oxford after only a term or two of residence—made the position at Raby Castle full of unpleasantness, Harry Vane having handed over to the Jews pictures from Raby of a valuable character.

All this, added to the fact that little Lady Enid was piping her eye at having to go through it when she "couldn't make up her mind," served to keep the "happy pair" on tenterhooks all the time. Harry Vane is very much of a k'nut, but he is a trifle too "experienced" for Lady Enid. Some men *do* carry that unconscious air of having "seen life," and it makes a nice girl afraid. That was the case with Lady Enid. Harry Vane has the Anglo-Indian *shikari* writ large all over him, and tiger-hunting, chota-pegging sahibs don't always appeal to delicate English girlhood as they might. However, the war, of course, brought things to a head, and though the final declaration gave Lady Enid another month of sweet virginity, she went to the altar with Harry Vane one day a fortnight ago, and, I hear, is fully determined to stick by him whatever happens. The latest thing from Raby is that Harry Vane will find himself in the fighting line before this appears, and that Lady Enid will be nursing wounded French soldiers along with her Duchess-aunt and Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower in Mons.

* * *

The Coburgers and the War.

One very remarkable fact of great interest to all the European royalties has been demonstrated by the present crisis. It is the absolute failure of Royal marriage alliances to preserve peace when trouble comes. What is more, the fact has been made plain that success in Royal negotiations is the greater when family attachments are entirely non-existent. Between King George and the King of Italy there are practically no blood ties, and they are the two monarchs who have so far "hit if off" completely. *Au contraire*, the nation which has a King of the Coburg House (Belgium) is the country which (unwillingly, of course) has plunged us into the general maelstrom. Out of the European war England might have kept all right. I don't say she would. No man would be so rash as to say when England would have been embroiled, but it is a fact that the Anglo-German war arose solely through the violation of a country which was carved out for Queen Victoria's beloved Uncle Leopold—that admirable Saxe-Coburg prince who was the father of the famous Leopold of Naughty Memory, and which, after seventy odd years, King George thought it right to keep intact for Uncle Leopold's grandson, the present King Albert I.

* * *

The First Belgian King and His English Wife.

King Albert is not, of course, the son of the late King of the Belgians. He is the son of the late King's

A LOVE SEEN.

brother, the Comte de Flandres, who was a very good man, and who many years ago resigned the position of Heir-Presumptive to the Belgian throne on behalf of his son who now reigns. Queen Victoria positively loathed the late Leopold, and for many years would have nothing to do with him. In his youth her Majesty took great interest in him, in consequence of her keen affection for his father, who came very near being King-Consort of England.

In the years that elapsed before he was selected first King of the new Belgian state, Uncle Leopold had married the Princess Royal of England, the only child of George the Fourth, and had their one child lived, the Victorians would never have been heard of. After Princess Charlotte's death, and the accession of the Duke of Kent's daughter as Heiress-Presumptive to William IV., Leopold of Coburg took the young princess in hand, and practically guided all her infant footsteps. That Leopold's son, the late husband of the Baroness Vaughan, should have turned out such a rotter was a sincere grief to Queen Victoria, and the blight of English disfavour lasted down to the accession of King Albert, who has never yet paid a state visit to this country. But when it came to seeing the Coburg family hoisted from the Belgian throne, then King George was as loyal to his family as his august grandmother was.

* * *

The Charity That Begins at Home.

While our hearts are full of compassion for those who must suffer in our wars, let us be careful that in the plethora of honest effort we do not inflict suffering upon the innocent. I have just heard of a painful case in which this is being done. Hundreds of titled ladies have taken up the work of shirt and stocking-making for the soldiers, giving their un-valuable time, and *not* their valuable money, to a cause which has already begun to create considerable suffering. I know of a shirt factory that has already shut down through the war, and the girls, who know no other trade, are in a sad plight. They live in a north-eastern suburb which Nobody has yet discovered, and Nobody cares a hang what happens to people who live there. What is wanted is the money the Society ladies are able to give towards the purchase of shirts, etc., made by skilled hands by those who get their living by shirt-making. Duchesses and Countesses making shirt-collars and toeing and heeling socks is wasted effort, and will only bring more harm in its train than good.

* * *

English Earl "Takes a Pub."

In these days it behoves us to renounce all snobbishness and make what we can all ways. Buckinghamshire is setting a notable example. Some years ago the Hon. Sydney Vernon, Lord Lyveden's brother, took the Falcon Inn at High Wycombe, and went in for the publican business with such success that recently he purchased the hostel for £600, selling it almost immediately at a good profit, but still conducting it himself. Whether it is that Sydney Vernon's example has proved infectious amongst the Buckinghamshire aristocracy I can't say, but it is a fact that the Earl of Buckinghamshire, the descendant of John Hampden, has turned publican also, and has been given the licence of a beer house at Great Hampden. Lord Buckinghamshire is, up till now, the only Earl who has achieved this distinction. The Earl of Lytton has for years been interested in a number of public houses as a form of investment, but he is not yet a "publican!"

* * *

Itching to Have a Pot at the Germans.

Talking about earls, some of our belted ones are likely to figure in strange guises in the war. Earls old and young are itching to have a pot at the Germans. Lord Carnwath, who lives at Fulham, and has lost most of his money, has secured a commission in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve; so has Lord de la Warr, that other clever loser. Lord Dunraven, of course, as a yachtsman who spent £50,000, if he spent a penny, in trying to bring back the America cup long before Tommy Lipton was heard of at Cowes, has got a commission in the Naval Reserves who *aren't* "volunteers," and in spite of his being now well into his sixties, may be accepted as certain to give a good account of himself. Curiously enough, in South Africa it was with his Territorial Regiment that Lord Dunraven elected to serve.

* * *

A Prisoner in Karlsbad.

One of the unmentioned horrors of the war has almost escaped notice. It is the awful tension in the homes of

those British folk whom the declaration of war upon Germany caught "like rats in a trap" within the limits of the two German Empires. Day by day the friends and relations of thousands of Britishers have had to read of horrible barbarities perpetrated by Germans upon inoffensive English folk, and yet have been unable to learn one word of their friends' whereabouts or well-being. It is with no small sense of gratification, therefore, that I am able to inform the innumerable friends of the well-known Waterlow family that Sir Philip Waterlow is safe and sound in Karlsbad. For a whole month his people in Cheshire and Carlton House Terrace have been in a state of terror as to his fate, and though nothing has as yet been heard of him, I am able to say that the "Sir Philip Waterson" whose name was one of the four sent home by our representative in Karlsbad on the 24th inst., is the head of the famous firm of bank-note paper manufacturers, whose forebear, Sir Sydney Waterlow, was a very popular Lord Mayor of London over forty years ago. Sir Philip Waterlow left London on July 16 for a couple of months' motoring through Austria and Germany, and everything went all right until the declaration of war, when Sir Philip was arrested, and his family plunged into despair. Now all is well When, however, Sir Philip will be allowed to leave for his home in England is another matter.

* * *

A Maker and Donor of Bank Notes.

The Waterlows, are, of course, very rich after long years of "Government business," but they love to do good by stealth and blush to find it fame. I mind me of an occasion when I last met Sir Philip motoring on the Continent. That was a decade ago. One morning the tourist agent was peculiarly pleased with himself. In tones of sweet self-congratulation he poured forth the information that that morning his wife (an Englishwoman) had presented him with "a beautiful daughter." Within a few hours that lucky infant was worth a twenty pound note on the Bank of England, and one not only presented, but made by its donor, Sir Philip Waterlow! I could tell many another anecdote of the Waterlows equally charming—and true!

* * *

"England Always Muddles Through."

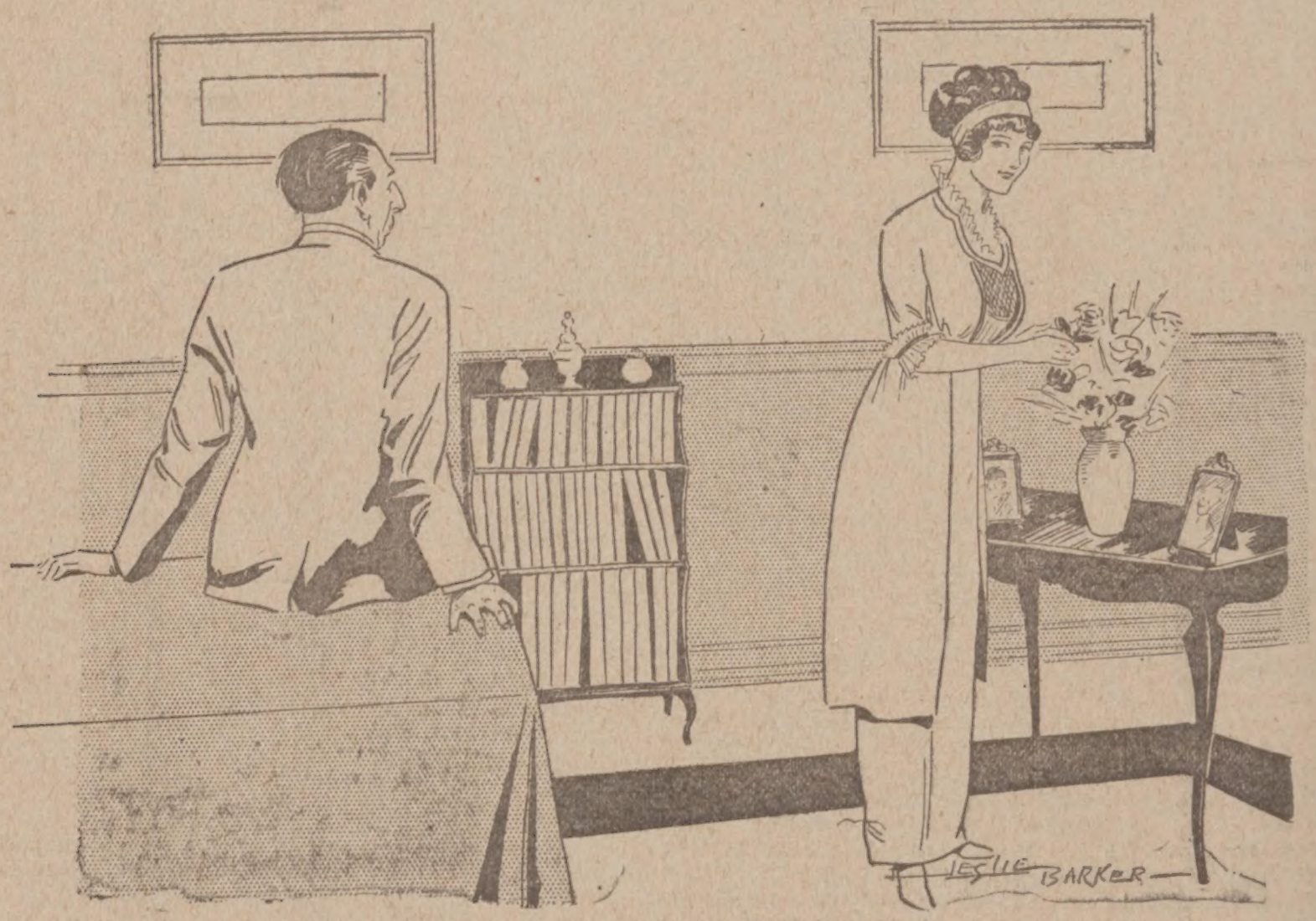
History repeats itself in the little things of war as well as in the mighty battles. I mind me of a sedate coterie of statesmen who sat in a stately room in Whitehall for months some ten years ago. They included Mr. Arthur Balfour, and a dozen other unbusinesslike but otherwise clever men. They called themselves the "Royal Commission on Food Supplies in War," and they were supposed to be totting up the errors made in the South African campaign in the matter of victuals for man and beast for the benefit of our troops the next time they were called upon to go abroad "on active service." And when I saw the men of the Bucks and Gloucester Territorials using their brick-like loaves as footballs down at Hitchin the other day I smiled the smile of the man who remembers the adage that "England always manages to muddle through!"

One of the officers of this fine corps of Terriers told me that the loaves were "only a fortnight old," and that they had been soaked, steamed, and punched back to something like eatable condition. They made real good footballs, anyway. And I could tell some tales of trouble with the fodder for other corps. But this is not the time for grumbling. Mistakes there must be. The finest army in the world always makes them. There is no harm in pointing out this defect, however, as Commissariat arrangements are of vital necessity to the well-being of the troops, and even if they haven't got bullets, they *must have food*!

* * *

The Earl, the Death Duties, and Tommy Atkins.

Innocent folk might suppose from Lord Camperdown's kind enquiry in the Lords the other night as to how far



The Sweet One: "I never see you wear your monocle now, Algy."
The Duffer: "Aw, no. I think it makes me look such a fool, don't you know."
The Sweet One: "Oh, but I think it is so becoming."

He of the halfpenny paper: "Wot, a penny a 'underd! You ought to be bloomin' well pinched for putting the prices o' goods up."

the Government would extract death duties from the pockets of the poor fellows who fell in the war that the noble Earl had constituted himself the champion of Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar, and was solicitous for the broken widows and fatherless children of the men who must fall before the army that fights behind women and children! Let no one be deceived on that point, however. Lord Camperdown's enquiries were not directed to the behoof of the widows and orphans. Lord Camperdown's enquiries, if not of a personal character, were at any rate insular. What his Lordship really wanted to know was: In case his neighbour the Earl of Leven and Melville died, as the result of the serious wounds he received at Mons, whether the Leven and Melville estates would be called upon to find another cheque for two hundred thousand pounds for the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

* * *

Secret Behind Lord Camperdown's Enquiry.

And Lord Camperdown got very little satisfaction from the Chancellor's spokesman in the Lords—the Marquess of Crewe, who plainly intimated that "any general or indiscriminate relief from all death duties it would not be possible to ask Parliament to give." Lord Crewe perhaps knows as much as we do of the secrets of the Leven finances. He is probably aware that although the new Earl of Leven and Melville would have to find a sum in six figures should the present Earl die of his wounds, the sum of money is carefully secured by a tremendous insurance policy upon Lord Leven and Melville's life, and that no inconvenience would be felt by the new Earl should his brother succumb.

When the old Earl died in 1906, the death duties upon his estate amounted to nearly a quarter of a million, and the eldest son took care that *his* heirs should never be troubled by having to find such huge sums again by making it obligatory upon all future Earls of Leven and Melville to secure adequate insurance policies for the amount of the death-duties required, within six months of their succession to the properties of the family. One of these, by the way, is Kirtlington Park, which adjoins Lord Valentia's estate at Bletchington Park. Should more death duties be necessitated upon the Leven estate, they would have to be raised by a subaltern in Lord Valentia's old regiment, the 10th Hussars, which is now in South Africa and burning to get back home and to the front! Happily I am able to say that Lord Leven is progressing very well and is already talking of returning to active service.

The principal German industry is mining.

* * *

The French black soldiers at Mulhausen are said to have made the Prussian blue.

* * *

The Times refers to the Heligoland affair as "a little scrap." A jolly good bight, we should say.

* * *

Rachmaninoff, the famous Russian composer, has gone to the front. Prelude to the March on Berlin.

* * *

The nuts of yesterday are the Territorials of to-day, says a contemporary. And potential "kernels" we presume.

* * *

The Germans have reached Lunéville. The news that the Kaiser has reached Looneyville is expected daily.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

"PAY, PAY, PAY"!

It is quite impossible to get away from the subject of the war, however much one would like to make for variety as the proper object of all good journalism. The public are interested in nothing but the war, and quite naturally so. They cannot be interested in it too much. Indeed, the most painful thing at this grave moment in British history is that very large numbers of the very best of our young manhood are apparently not interested in it enough, heroically though they rush for the latest editions to learn of scenes of blood and devotion to duty in which they themselves ought to be preparing to take a part. This is the saddest thing in the England of the moment, that the spirit of fire and patriotism that used to be supposed to be typical of Britishers appears to have struck a bad patch, to the dismay of those who have definitely and quite hopefully allied themselves with the principle of voluntary enlistment as the surest method for the defence of the Empire in accordance with the traditions of the British race.

We have, in the United Kingdom, according to the statistics, some nine millions of men of fighting age. Yet it took Lord Kitchener a fortnight to get a paltry 100,000 men at a time of the gravest danger that this country has ever known. That doesn't speak very well for the young manhood of England, it does not speak well for our prospects of sending the Kaiser and his myrmidons to the bottom of the sea. And those who are able to read between the lines of recent official speeches and announcements are not slow to see that the authorities are intensely disappointed at the slowness of the recruiting and intensely anxious as to the future of the State. It is an ominous sign when the Prime Minister of England, not to mention other exceedingly busy Cabinet Ministers, has to map out a programme to stump the country for soldiers, as Mr. Asquith is going to do. What, in God's name, has become of our boasted patriotism, when this has to be done? It is nothing less than a merited slander on the British race that it is necessary to do it, and it makes those of us who are getting on a bit in years, and have seen in the past the magnificent work of Britishers on the battlefield, revolt almost with physical nausea against the shameful hanging back from the call of duty which is being so severely commented on by every thoughtful man in England at the present moment. Our seaside places are half full of a species of humanity that is known in scientific circles, I believe, as "nut." Our beautiful young girls, instead of packing off these fashionable young monsters to the front, continue to smile upon them and to parade with them as if the Germans were a thousand miles away and not within almost striking distance. Our playing fields are frequented by large numbers of decadent young idiots who are "getting ready for the kick-off" (as one paper put it) in the football world, and have not the slightest idea that they are at the very same time getting ready for the kick-off of the Empire of which they are theoretically so proud, and for which their fathers fought on many a bloody field.

But let us be quite fair. There must, of course, be a reason, or reasons, for this startling state of affairs, and I observe that many of our publicists are busily engaged in trying to find the reason. It was not as it is to-day in the old days, in the Napoleonic days for instance. But here we must remember that the young Englishman of to-day is in many ways a different species from the young Englishman of a hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago. Everybody is educated nowadays, at any rate up to the point of asking a few simple questions as to why he should go to the war. And one can hardly blame a man entirely for showing hesitation, considering that we have educated him in the belief that an Englishman is equal to any two foreigners, that our Navy is good enough for all purposes, and that whatever happens England always has muddled through and always will muddle through. We have taught our youngsters all this twaddle, and now we are suffering for it. We are grumbling because they have learned the lesson all too well. If we had not swathed ourselves in good old British hypocrisy and boastfulness for long, long years, if we had taken the advice of those who knew that in National Service alone was perfect safety for the Empire, then we should not be in the mess in which we find ourselves to-day. And how we are going to get out of this mess, unless we raise at least half a million trained soldiers in the next six months, is the gravest problem that ever was in front of a nation of self-respecting men.

If I may be allowed (as an old irregular, who knows the reasons why men enlist and why many of them will not enlist) to attempt a solution of this difficult problem, I would like to say this: With regard to the immense numbers of splendid young fellows who belong to the upper and upper-middle classes, who are as brave as ever their fathers were, but who are withholding their services because British hypocrisy and school training has taught them that it is *infra dig.* for a "gentleman" to enlist as a "Tommy," there is only one thing to be said. If they are prepared to sacrifice their country on a foolish fetish like this, and if their "people" are prepared to support them in doing so, then they are cowards and sons of cowards, who are unworthy of the name of Englishmen. Let them cast aside all such blatant nonsense and follow the example of Lord Torrington and the crack gentlemen-jockeys who have gallantly enlisted as troopers in the 20th Hussars. They will then discover that human nature is the same whether in the uniform of a private or an officer, and that to live with and fight side by side with the "Tommies" of the British Army is a privilege and not a sacrifice, and an honour to any man with British blood in his veins. And with regard to the vast numbers of average men and working men who might enlist, but are not doing so, I would say that the only solution is in the direction of more pay. The working man or the average man cannot reasonably be expected to leave his wife and children, or even to go as an unmarried man, for the wretched pay provided by the War Department of the richest and greatest nation on the face of the earth. There are limits to patriotism as to everything else, and in my humble opinion every man who is not a professional soldier and who offers his services at the present moment (yes, even the men of the upper-middle and upper classes) should be paid five shillings per day. A labourer is worthy of his hire, and so is a soldier. We are told in Canada and Australia they can raise a hundred thousand men, while we, with an infinitely larger population, raise but half the number. Yes, that is so. But don't let us forget that the Colonial irregular gets his five shillings a day, and that, patriotic though he undoubtedly is, his patriotism would become small by degrees and beautifully less if he was insulted with an offer of one and threepence a day. As Englishmen are being insulted at the present difficult time.

We may perhaps, therefore say with justice that the man who can well afford to go and will not go is a coward, and that the country that refuses adequately to pay those who are willing to lay down their lives for the taxpayers is a country that deserves precisely what it gets. But I believe that Britain will pay, and that when she does the goods will be delivered with a rapidity that will show to the nations that England is the England of old, and will strike terror into the heart of even the greatest army the world has ever known.

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

How many more of our poets are going to recommend all the other people to go and fight for their country?

* * *

Who was the War Office clerk who hid in the cupboard when it thundered, because he thought it portended a Zeppelin throwing bombs into Whitehall?

* * *

If the Boy Scouts are clamouring for their "B.-P." to delete the "Baden" from his name?

* * *

What is the cause of difference between the Earl of Dundonald and Mr. John Burns? Is it only the war?

* * *

Whether it is the intention of King George to annex every bit of over-sea German territory, and whether, in justice to this country, Germany should not be completely despoiled of every bit of colonial territory she possesses?

* * *

Whether it is not a fact that Lord Kitchener has issued a reply to a certain Marchioness who wanted to go to the seat of war pretty much to the effect that he intended that there should be no "Plague of Women" in *this* war?

* * *

Whether General Sir Philip Chetwode's cavalry charge does not deserve to rank in history with the Charge of the Light Brigade?

* * *

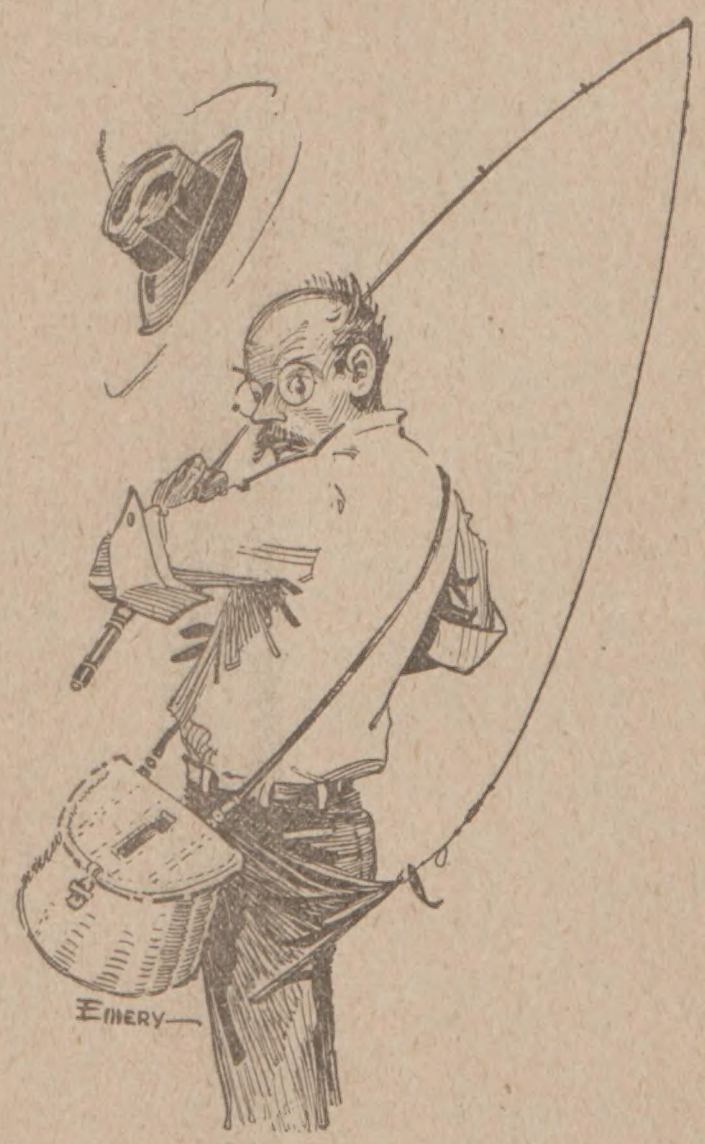
Whether it is a fact that Lord Kitchener, who had the refusal of the command of our forces in France, refused the job, knowing that a hundred thousand troops only could not sustain his reputation for victory, and whether he must not now be secretly chortling that he took the wisest course, and refused to "bite off more than he could chew"?

* * *

Whether Lady Torrington will stay quietly at Home when her hubby has gone to the war?

* * *

Was the conquest of "Togo"-land a good omen for Japan's participation in the war?



ON HIS OWN HOOK.

Whether the *Times* has not finally "put the lid on" its aspirations to be considered the national newspaper by its dreadfully doleful, and shockingly inaccurate, article last week-end?

* * *

Whether the Yellow Press should not be re-christened the Yell Oh Press?

* * *

Whether the new War Council of generals will appreciate the compliment Mr. Asquith has paid their intelligence in placing his wife's brother (Mr. Tennant) on the council as the civilian member? What Mr. Tennant knows about war? And whether Mrs. Asquith cares a rap whether he knows anything or not, so long as her relations have a finger in all the country's pies?

* * *

Whether it is the intention of King George to enrol a regiment of the foreign princes who are so anxious to fight for England? And whether King Manoel would not be a dashing Colonel in this cosmopolitan force?

* * *

Whether the old-time friendship of King George for the Kaiser's sailor brother will stand the shock of the war, especially seeing that Prince Henry of Prussia is commanding the German Fleet?

* * *

Who is the distinguished War Correspondent who had to leave France in such a hurry? Was he not very grateful to the pal who gave him the tip which enabled him to cancel his "appointment" with the firing party?

* * *

Is it true that a large engineering firm who gave a substantial sum to the Prince of Wales's fund have warned their clerks that all who enlist will lose their places?

* * *

Whether the Press Censor will ever lack a champion in Parliament and Press so long as the bitter rivalry between the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times* continues?

* * *

Whether Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, will add Mons to her intended "Recollections"?

It must be admitted that the German press has a sound knowledge of the all-lies' policy.

* * *

This attack on German music is not new. We ourselves have objected to German bands for years.

* * *

Many of the hotels have dismissed their German cooks. This should put a stop to one form of German atrocities.

* * *

In spite of the scarcity of news of our Navy we know of one ship that has been in action daily—the Censorship.

The public baths in Berlin have been closed. But that is no justification for the dirty work that has been done in Belgium.

* * *

One of the forms of food used in action by the German army is known as the "iron ration." Which is supplemented sometimes by British steel.

* * *

The British code insists that prisoners of war shall have the same food as their captors' troops. There is, however, no objection to the peppering being done beforehand.

TABLOID TOPICS.

The impossible has been achieved! The Poles have become united.

* * *

A sportsman offers his hunters for military service abroad. A stud for the front.

* * *

May not our effort to capture German trade be described as a "counter" attack?

* * *

The ladies are busy knitting socks for Tommy, and Tommy is determined to give them to the Germans.

* * *

Daily Telegraph headline: "German Banks in London." Nothing very remarkable. We know lots who do.

* * *

Everyone knows that the Chinese live chiefly on rice. But can anyone say how much can a Chinese Manchu?

* * *

Lord Graham says he has never regretted being unable to make Latin verse. Neither have we; our Latin couldn't be "verse."

* * *

Instead of buying new garments, an advertisement advises us to send old ones to Blank's Dye Works. One way of supporting the colours.

* * *

"£192,000 made out of Pens," runs a headline in the *Daily News*. Nothing to what the proprietor of the Cocoa Press has made out of nibs, though.

* * *

The foodship "Bernstoff" from Copenhagen arrived here last week after an adventurous voyage. It just managed to save its bacon—4,000 bales of it.

* * *

A woman, arrested for being intoxicated, explained to the magistrate that she "wasn't drunk, but only rummy!" But isn't it one and the same thing?

* * *

A *Morning Post* writer: "Somewhere in his heart every man has a longing to grow coconuts." He who entertains such an idea must indeed be very largehearted!

* * *

A favourite plan of German spies is said to be the taking of a barber's shop in a naval port. They evidently believe that there's something in the seaside hair.

* * *

It has been suggested that the Territorial should help with the harvest. But with all this marching to and fro he must be fully occupied attending to his own corn just now.

* * *

Convicts of an Isle of Wight prison cheered the Reservist warders as they left to rejoin the colours. The latter, however, are still doubtful as to the nature of the compliment.

* * *

"Fine old fellows of 45," is the description of the French Territorial Reserves, by a *Times* military correspondent. The latter, perhaps, is a middle-aged man of 20 or thereabouts.

* * *

In answer to a Salford reader, the *Sunday Chronicle* gives the German losses in the Franco-German war. "Killed or died soon after, 17,570." The number of those who died before they were dead is unrecorded.

* * *

"Holiday-makers need not fear incurring official displeasure as long as they snapshot ordinary holiday scenes," says a camera advertisement. All the same, the coastguard who was included in our first attempt at a seaside snapshot did not seem at all pleased when we showed him the result.

THE KING'S SHILLING.

"It's unnacheral, that's what it is. I arsk you, my own bruvver-in-law, to pay for a pint, and yer snigger out as you've left yer puss at 'ome. It's horful!" William Barlow, of Paradise Place, Peckham, was indignant with Mr. Herbert Smithers. "Lef' yer puss at home—whereabouts? How much in it?"

"Four an' ninepence, if yer wants to know, and it's on the mankelshelf. I didn't go back for it 'cause it's a goodish stretch, and I'd promised Loo I'd be 'ome soon to take her to the pickshers."

"Well, I leaves yer, and I dispises yer, 'Erbert."

With that, William Barlow patted the bird's-eye muffler encircling his beefy throat, and stalked out of the Hero of Italy, which was licensed to sell beer "to be drunk on the premises."

Half-an-hour later he returned, wearing an indefinable smile. Without so much as a "Here's luck!" he emptied Jack Jenkins's pewter, and that gentleman raised no protest, setting the action down, perhaps, to temporary aberration. Besides, Bill Barlow was a big man, and Jack had seen other of his goods confiscated that day. He was a greengrocer and the War authorities had commandeered his two horses. As the animals had declined into a condition of ossification, Jack had made no bones about the price the Government paid for them.

Both hands of William Barlow digged and delved in the reefs of his trousers' pockets. At length he extended a specimen of silver which took the shape and size of a shilling.

"There," he said, banging the coin down on the sloppy counter and giving his brother-in-law's left eye a gentle shower bath, "wotcher orl goin' to'ave? Give it a nime!"

The patrons of the Hero of Spaghettiland were bereft of speech.

"Lumme!" exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, who was the first to find that his tongue was in going order. "I do believe Bill's been doin' a bit of work!"

"Garn!"

It was an emphatic and unanimous rejection of the notion that Barlow had so far strayed from the standard he himself had set up. They awaited developments. William spoke again. Then did the Hero of Italy look like an asylum for idiots.

"I've 'listed," said Bill, "and there's the King's shilling, and I've got my first day's pay. See?"

"Strike me khaki!" Jenkins was the inventor of this apposite, up-to-date ejaculation. "I forgives yer, Bill, for pinching my pint. We're proud of yer—strite we are."

Mine host refilled the measures, and, his waistcoat bulging out with patriotism, announced that he would stand a quart each all round. They had finished the warrior's offering and were agreeably engaged upon the landlord's larger contribution when the swinging doors of the "public bar" were thrust wide open and a young woman bounced in. It was as the bursting of a bomb.

"Now then, Mister Smithers, how much longer?" she asked in brassy tones. "Comin' 'ome soon was yer? Good job I on'y sent you a shillin'."

"Sent me what, my dear?" Herbert quailed before the little woman who, arms akimbo, stood in front of him.

"Chuck it!" replied Louisa Smithers. "The shillin' I give Bill for yer. He said you wanted the four-an'-ninepence, but not me. A bob was enough."

"But Bill never give me a shillin'."

"What? Where is he?"

It would have gone hard with William Barlow had he been within reach of Louisa Smithers. But he wasn't. Contemporaneously with her advent he had felt the desirability of a breath of fresh air. Thus conscience makes cowards of us all.

HAL VICKE.

One of our publishers is bringing out shortly "The Life of the Kaiser." Quite a number of Germans will be after it presently.

Wily methods used by the Germans for approaching a Belgian cottage.
(From notes supplied by our special artist at the Front—and Back.)

BY THE WAY.

Two notable London editors, it transpires, were recently hauled up before Lord Kitchener. Some question had arisen as to what news should and what should not be allowed to appear in the Press in the present grave national crisis, and the gentlemen in question were inclined at first to take up a politely, but persuasively, argumentative attitude with the War Lord. K. of K., of course, is never polite or persuasive—and abruptly closed the interview by saying, "I have nothing more to add except this, that if you should publish anything of the character indicated, I should simply send down a squad of men (soldiers) and close down your premises." That is why we know so much more in Fleet Street than we are able to write about.

* * *

Talking about Kitchener, let me venture to make a prophecy. He has asked for all the men he can get for the Second Army. A week ago there was a big rush. Now the ardour is beginning to slacken, and I still notice a goodly percentage of nuts in the streets and loafers in the parks. If K. of K. doesn't get his next 100,000 volunteers, and that quickly, he'll take them. In brief, the Press-gang will anticipate Premier, Parliament, and Press alike, and save a great deal of superfluous talking by all three. Far more extraordinary things than this are going on at the present time!

* * *

Not many days ago, a long-suspected German spy, for whom the police have been ransacking London for weeks past, was run to earth in a London suburb, not a hundred miles from Balham. Near the police station, to which the prisoner was driven off in a taxi-cab, are the headquarters of a well-known regiment. Here the spy was taken and summarily court martialed. An hour afterwards a dozen shots rang out in the evening air, considerably alarming the inhabitants of some flats in the immediate vicinity. One of these (my informant) subsequently asked an officer known to him what the firing was about: "Just a little rifle practice," said the young man in khaki. "It was very short, wasn't it?" was the interjection. "Yes, quite short!" was the significant reply.

* * *

Mr. Anthony Drexel, the well-known American millionaire, who has just got back to London from Baden-Baden, after an exciting trip across Europe by motor-car to Holland, has been dining out a great deal since his return. This is not Anthony's way, as he is known to be fond of recherché dinners in one of his luxurious residences here, or in New York, or Paris—or the other capitals of the world. To a friend, over the savoury the other night, he communicated the reason: "The fact is I have lost my French chef—an admirable creature—in fact, one of the four best chefs in the world. It quite upsets me!" "Were you cross with him—or—?" "No, he's gone back to France to serve against the Germans." Inconsiderate these chefs, aren't they?

* * *

At such a time as this, it may interest the readers of this journal to know that among our admirals is the Lord Mayor of London, who holds the position of High Admiral of the Port of London. The origin of the rank—according to the various books dealing with the office and history of the Lord Mayoralty at the Guildhall Library—is lost in antiquity, but it seems certain that in ancient times it involved responsibility for the proper defence and maintenance of the London part of the Thames during periods of war or tumult. But no courts of admiralty have been held under the jurisdiction of the City Corporation for very many years, nor has any one of the privileges attached to the position of High Admiral of the Port been exercised since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with the exception of a few claims to "royal" fish caught in the river.

* * *

The only occasion definitely recorded when the Lord Mayor had to exercise his "naval" authority is in the year 1728, when trouble was caused by the numerous colliers which, up to that time, had been visiting London at the rate of over 4,000 per year, and congesting the river traffic by arriving in fleets. The neighbourhood of London Bridge became choked with ships, which sometimes lay idle for weeks together, unable to complete their discharge because the quays and wharf-houses were already full to overflowing. Matters came to a head in 1728 when seventeen colliers moored across the river and stubbornly declined either to move or unload, and it needed the active intervention of the Lord Mayor Admiral to force them to budge. In these days the office of High Admiral of the Port of London is, of course, merely a titular one, though should the present conflict unhappily cause its functions to become once more active it is certain that no more energetic holder of the rank could be found than the present Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas V. Bowater.

* * *

Hundreds of priests are fighting as private soldiers in the ranks of the French, Belgian and German forces. It is this, I am informed upon unimpeachable authority, which has broken the Pope's heart and caused his premature death, and not, as

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

has been asserted in many papers, the mere fact that Europe is at war.

* * *

In countries where conscription prevails, no class is exempt, and young priests have to serve their time like everybody else. Hundreds of them, who were studying at the colleges at Rome, were summoned to join the colours of their respective countries, as soon as war became imminent. The Pope did his best to intervene on their behalf, and sent telegrams and despatched envoys, but all to no purpose, and his failure broke his heart.

* * *

From Great Britain very many Catholic priests have departed with the Expeditionary Force as spiritual advisers, principally with the Irish regiments. The number required by the War Office was almost immediately forthcoming; forty more are holding themselves in readiness to proceed to the front at a moment's notice, while in addition a body of a hundred are held in reserve. The Roman Catholic clergy of Great Britain are unanimous in believing our participation in the war to be wholly just, and are combining to do everything in their power to assist the Government. Last Sunday it was announced at the Westminster Cathedral that the collection would be given to the Prince of Wales' Relief Fund. The result was that the collection totalled three and a half times its usual amount.

* * *

If you want to know the latest thing in khaki, ask Vesta Tilley. Her new patriotic ditty is about the best thing in music hall patriotism we have yet heard. And her fighting rig-out is even better! Vesta went down to Margate one day last week. It was the first time she had ever shown there, and her reception was immense. Vesta as a khaki-boy was—well, just the k'nut you'd expect her to be. Some of the new "Tommy Atkins" ditties are painful to listen to. Some of them make you sad! Mr. Hayden Coffin in khaki at the Palladium made me want a b. and s. badly! Hayden Coffin, of course, is sublime in his own line, but as a singer of a swinging military ballad he does not carry conviction. A strained effort to be pathetic and extravagant gesture do not compensate for the swelling notes of a deep bass voice, which should alone be allowed in music-hall militarism!

* * *

As cavalry "shock" tactics are playing so big a part in the war, it may interest MODERN LIFE readers to know that in several of the world's greatest cavalry charges the squadron leaders haven't drawn sword at all, but have trusted to the sheer weight of man and horse. This happened in the charge of our lancers at Omdurman, where the Colonel never drew his sabre and didn't get a scratch. It happened, too, in Scarlett's "Charge of the Heavy Brigade" at Balaclava. Kinglake somewhat foolishly speaks of the "fierce moan of rapture" given by the Scots Greys as they met the enemy, and one officer broke into an irresistible "Tally-ho!" as the "gallant 300" started.

* * *

Some people have curious ideas of how they can help things along. I was round the other day at the Little Theatre, where Miss Lena Ashwell is engaged in the task of fitting round pegs into square holes—otherwise trying to find uses for all manner of usually useless women. And it *is* a task! One woman I heard, when asked what she could do, replied that she could "supply enlivening conversation to the poor soldiers," and another, a French damsel, who kept insisting that she was only eighteen, wanted to write letters to soldiers at the front. The whole business seems to be run on the time-honoured theatrical principle, "It'll be all right on the night," with, of course, the night always getting further away. I don't like running down the efforts of well-meaning people, but I am quite sure Miss Ashwell would be glad to be rid of the bulk of the aimless individuals who swarm in John Street. And as for the "poor soldiers"—well, I sympathise with them.

Recruiting Sergeant: "I'm afraid I couldn't accept you for the Dragoons; your feet are too big to go through the trousers; but you'd do fine for a Scotch regiment."

Some of our Army officials seem to be so busy on the other side of the Channel that they have not ti e to spell correctly. The official stamp upon some of the postcards reaching England from men on active service reads: "Passed by the Sensor." If our schoolmaster is abroad he certainly isn't in France.

* * *

With regard to the controversy re the Press Bureau and the "All is lost" article of the *Weekly Dispatch-Times* prize pessimist the two subjoined extracts are interesting:

> The memorandum accompanying it (*i.e.*, the despatch, upon its return to the *Weekly Dispatch-Times* office from the Press Bureau.—Ed. *M.L.*) is marked "Private," and we are therefore debarred from publishing it without the writer's consent. (*Times*, September 1st.)
>
> The above note (identical with the "memorandum."—Ed. *M.L.*) was written on the official notepaper of the Press Bureau, and not marked "Private." (*Daily Mail*, September 1st.)

You pay your money and take your choice. Those who pay 1d. believe the *Times-Weekly Dispatch* version, while for a halfpenny you may believe the exact opposite, but with the advantage of perusing a facsimile of the Private—Not Private "memorandum-note." But it is very evident that the *entente cordiale* (or is it a Triple Entente?) among the *Weekly Dispatch-Times-Daily Mail* came greviously unglued between Sunday morning and Monday evening. By the bye, I wonder whether certain snubbings administered by "K. of K." have anything to do with the gloomy view of things adopted by this exceedingly interesting newspaper combination.

THE LOITERER.

MORE OR LESS.

A Thank-Offering.

I hope I may be forgiven for quoting anything so hackneyed as Shakespeare's "for this relief much thanks" when I add I am referring to the fact that the "Blue Hungarians," the "Red Viennese," the "White Prussians," and so forth and so on, bands and orchestras generally have, for ever I hope, disappeared from our mortal ken. Thank goodness I can eat a cutlet without Strauss, and drink my coffee without the help of Waldteufel. I can converse with the young man opposite me without keeping my ears uncomfortably stretched to listen to his sweet nothings, and I need no longer take all my neighbours into my confidence when I tell my best friend of a shopping bargain. It's awful, you know, when the band stops suddenly and you find yourself saying loudly, as it happened to me once, "Suspenders and all complete—five and elevenpence ha'penny."

* * *

Afternoon Bullets.

That most mysterious occupation of woman known to mankind as "shopping" is in danger of being undermined. Instead of going out to buy a yard of lace and disorganise the whole shop in the doing of it, Eve up-to-date is taking shooting lessons before her afternoon tea. In fact, so absorbed is she in her latest phase that I heard one fair young thing say to another over the tea-cups the other afternoon: "How many bullets, dear?" She meant lumps of sugar, naturally. Of course, the dangerous part about women shooting is the fact that they only hit anything—or anybody—by accident. This makes things very uncomfortable for those unfortunate people who may happen to meet a bullet "on the loose" as it were. One good thing may perhaps come out of it, apart from the profit in the rise of insurance: those young men who haven't yet gone to the war may possibly hasten to enlist now that they run the risk of being shot by their nearest and dearest. After all, whether you are killed by accident or on purpose comes to much the same thing in the end. Now that all the tennis lawns are being turned into ranges, and all the girls are carrying cartridges instead of powder-puffs, I can see plenty of excitement, even in the absence of war news, provided for the stay-at-homes.

* * *

Broken Beauty.

Have you any personal beauty worth talking about? Because, if so, if you have a Grecian profile or a Roman nose or Titian hair, you can insure against their loss in an American—it would be American, of course—company. You can take out a policy for just one feature or for the whole of your face, if you think it worth the money. If your face isn't beyond rubies or reproach, you may have a dainty ankle or a pretty hand or a well-turned leg. Any of these the company will cheerfully insure for you. It is true that lots of well-known people already have that portion of their anatomy which yields them fame insured. Paderewski's hands, for instance, are insured for an enormous sum; the feet of nearly every well-known dancer are covered by policies, too, but the idea of insuring beauty for profit is distinctly novel. I don't quite know exactly how much consolation it would be to a pretty girl to have a broken nose plastered with banknotes. I am quite sure it would take a lot of money to console me for suddenly going bald, still I suppose a gilt compensation is the best one there is. And, anyway, it would prevent one's friends saying candidly quite how ugly they found us.

* * *

Heather and Flags.

Because of the mist in the mornings and a trail of orange leaves on all the paths I know that autumn is here, but the hot sun in the daytime talks only of summer, and the white frocks the girls are wearing put to shame the furs in the shop windows. There are other signs, too. Everywhere in the open the gorse flares like a flame, an orange torch, and the hawkers, those of them who are not hawking flags, are busy selling heather "for luck." The little purple flower that grows north of the Tweed is in high favour just now. As a matter of fact, you don't need to go to Scotland to find heather. All round where I live the common breaks into little streams of heather every now and then among the green. Here and there are dotted boards with stern notices as to the penalties overtaking the heather-gatherer, but I have a shrewd suspicion that many a little purple sprig is gathered in spite of the law, and that most of the bunches I see offered for sale in the London streets as "real Scottish" are in reality best suburban mixture. Talking of street sales, the gentleman who stands just outside Charing Cross Station selling flags of the popular nations evidently believes in making hay while the sun shines. He asked me a shilling yesterday for a Union Jack mounted upon a hatpin which, I suppose, in normal times I could purchase for a penny. I think he must have mistaken me for a Mrs. Rothschild instead of a humble journalist.

LOUISE H[illegible]

"So you want to be my son-in-law, eh?"
"Er, no. I don't want to, but I suppose I'll have to be if I marry your daughter!"

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE!

When Sidney Landell suggested to his wife that he should spend his vacation by having a bachelor holiday with an old friend at Fairleigh, a small south coast watering-place, she offered but slight objection, for Sidney, indeed, was no philanderer and had rarely given her cause for jealousy, although in his breast there glowed warmly a spark of romanticism which four years of married life had not extinguished. It was when she meditated on the possibility of this glowing spark bursting into flame that Mrs. Landell was more pleased than otherwise on recollecting that a friend of a common friend would be holidaying at Fairleigh at the same time as her husband; and ere he had departed thence his portrait had been shown to a young lady who, it was understood, would report on his behaviour.

Sidney, however, was in blissful ignorance of this solicitude which had been exhibited on his behalf, and on the morning after his arrival he sauntered with his friend through the long grass which crowned the cliffs feeling as happy as a poet who, after many years, has at last discovered a harmonious rhyme to "orange."

At their feet almost a girl was seated reading, and as they passed she looked up, her eyes lighting with a gleam of recognition as they looked on Sidney's face. Then, as she saw the camera held in his friend's hand, a sudden smile curved the pretty mouth.

Sidney saw that smile, and although all its meaning was beyond his intelligence, he translated it with sufficient plasticity to allow him to seat himself beside her without unduly outraging convention.

Maisie, she said, blushing prettily, was her name.

Her large eyes were blue, and seemed ever ready to become sweetly reproachful lest you accepted too quickly—or too slowly—the invitation of her crimson lips, which were full, and pouted like a child's. Her lavish hair glinted in the sunshine, and her cheeks were flushed. It was only natural, therefore, that Sidney's friend, Lovelong, should utilise his Kodak; but after he had done so he perceived that little Miss Maisie seemed to prefer the conversation of Sidney Landell to his own. Smiling at his thoughts he turned on his side and dozed, resting his arms on the camera.

Some few minutes after he was roused by a quick exclamation: "Don't! Oh, please! You mus'n't!" and on his looking up he was surprised to find that although Maisie was now in close embrace in Sidney's arms her appeal was not directed to that gentleman, but to himself, Lovelong.

"Don't what? Mus'n't what?" said he, puzzled.

The girl seemed embarrassed.

"I thought"—she laughed—"I was afraid you were going to take a snap-shot of us like this; I saw you touch the camera. Oh, I was startled!"

Idly Lovelong focussed the amorous couple.

"M'yes. Bless the ickle pair," said he. "You make a pretty picture. Shall I?"

"Oh, no, no! You really mus'n't."

It had always been a source of much regret to Sidney that he had never been able to convince the fellows in the office that he was no meek Benedict, but on the contrary—a gay dog, hot stuff, mustard, if you like. And now, why, here was an opportunity to provide them with ocular proof. And such a ripping little girl, too! His eyes met Lovelong's over Maisie's shoulder; and he nodded.

"Look pleasant, please!"

"Oh, no, no. Please!" She turned her eyes to Sidney's—such appealing eyes. "Sure he mus'n't!" she said childishly.

Sidney bent his head; and the shutter of the camera clicked as it opened and closed.

"Have you got it? Oh!" She appeared to be really perturbed, but an arrangement was come to whereby she was somewhat appeased: Sidney promised that only two prints would be taken of the "snap," after which the film would be destroyed.

Some days later he handed her a print.

"Eureka!" said she. "Got it. And I want a new hat anyway."

"I don't understand! What—what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing much. But, remember, you must never show that to anyone," and faithfully Sidney promised—although he had his tongue in his cheek at the time.

Next morning, as usual, he met her on the esplanade. To his apoplectic amazement she cut him dead, her eyes as scornful as those of a chorus lady. One perhaps could not have knocked him down with a feather, but it would have been a fairly easy matter to have done so with a crowbar. And, to shake him up still further, at his boarding-house that evening he received the following letter:

"You have deceived me cruelly. Your name is not Brown; it is Landell, and at home your address is 312 Salamander Road. You see, I now know all about you. I have learned, too, that you are a married man. Oh, I cannot speak of the pain you have caused me; I did not think that men could be such brutes! But this I say: that as I have suffered, so shall you. On my return to town I shall send your wife a certain photograph to show her how you have trifled with the affections of a simple and innocent girl."

As words are inadequate I shall put a number of asterisks here to better express to the reader Sidney's thoughts and frame of mind.

* * * *

But this story ends fairly happily after all. Sidney, at a cost, managed to regain possession of the incriminating photograph—and burned it, together with its duplicate—but the memories of many painful, anxious hours now make him shudder at the very sight of a Kodak.

At first the broken-hearted Maisie would not return the picture, and for a time, despite Sidney's frenzied appeals, remained obdurate.

"Why should I?" she asked. "No, I won't. Unless ——"

"Unless what?" said Sidney.

"There's a ducky little hat in High Street," replied Maisie faintly.

Eric de Banzie.

SHOWING THE WAY.

Cora Weinbaum writes to Mr. Percival Springer, who contributes rhyming verse daily to "The Evening Booze":—

"The Flagstaff,"
Folkestone.
September 1st, 1914.

My Darling Percy,—

How goes it with you, old boy? Things are getting more and more exciting down here every day through this dreadful war, and I am having quite the time of my life. There are heaps of things to do towards pushing on the good work of raising the patriotic spirit among our young men; and I am up to my eyebrows in my new duties. We have patriotic music in the bandstand all day long, and we have now educated the masses to whistle the Marseillaise in the streets, and we encourage the working classes to cheer every time they see a soldier or a warship or whenever one of us waves a flag. Poor Mrs. Worthington de la Valée—that dear old soul with a squint—made an awful bloomer yesterday. After "Rule, Britannia" had been played at the bandstand for the fifteenth time, during which she condescended to join in the swelling chorus at the last line, with "Britons ne—e—e—e—e—ver shall be slaves," she made a stirring speech, appealing to the lower classes, calling them "noble men of a sterling race." As a climax at the conclusion of her few words she waved some flags, and for this purpose had ordered about a hundred assorted flags from Hamley's. This last touch fairly brought down the roof, or I should say the sky, but the dear old Worthington fairly collapsed when the bandmaster—you know, the one with the sweet little Kaiser moustache—whispered to her that she was wagging a *German* flag! But never mind, nobody else seemed to notice the difference, and it only shows what a hold we have got over the "classes" down here already, and how patriotic we have made them. In the afternoons our set have ice-cream teas, and we talk things over and knit ties for the poor soldiers, and sometimes we write letters of an enlightening, religious and literary type to the men at the front. Quite a lottery for them, isn't it? And so unexpected, as no one knows which of them are going to be the lucky ones. We have no expenses either, as postage and all that sort of thing is provided for by the subscription raised by the *Folkestone Herald*. Sometimes we have an evening concert, to which only select people are invited, and last week we got Dad to sing the "Marseillaise." He is getting quite spoilt, as they are making such a pet of him because of his French extraction. My brothers, Sid and Tom, who work at the Bank, you know, are working very hard with us, and give up an hour a day to addressing letters to nursing homes, etc., arranging patriotic concerts, and getting men to enlist for Kitchener's new army. But I must not forget to tell you of the wonderful scheme for raising recruits, which I originated, but which Mrs. Bondieu, with her usual aggressive manner, insists that she set on foot. My scheme is this: If we see any young man of the lower classes in the streets who we think ought to be out at the front fighting for his country and his King, we ask him why he has not joined the army. If he gives no satisfactory reason for remaining at home we present him with a white feather to wear in his buttonh . The white feather of cowardice. Good, isn't it? Mrs. Bondieu was good enough to have a feather bed sent down to "The Flagstaff." We ripped it open and go heaps of white feathers for our purpose, but our house is still in a frightful feathery state. Well, goodbye, old boy, and heaps of the best.

Yours affectionately,
CORA.

P.S.—How's the poetry going along?

Mr. Percival Springer, of the "Evening Booze," replies to Miss Cora Weinbaum's letter of the 1st inst.:—

175a Middle Temple,
September 4th, 1914.

Dearest Cora,—

You are not the only one who has been excited over this war. I, moreover, have been a bit upset. Whereas in former times my daily contribution to the "Booze" was poetry on any and every subject, I am now restricted to the writing of war poems only. But I have risen to the occasion. Did you see my trifle last week which created some stir, and led some critics to believe that Mr. Kipling (also a poet) had at last broken his long silence with some anonymous verse—the moving poem which commenced:

"What d'ye lack, laddie, what d'ye lack?
An ounce of luck and a bar of soap?"

And then there was that other little thing with the refrain:

"So rally, sonnies, round the pole;
Roll up, and shame the German roll."

Despite these triumphs I am a little bit worried over some letters my editor has received from subscribers about my verse, one cruel one in particular coming from a very influential gentleman of title. He suggests that as there seem to be such an enormous number of poets knocking about just now, a Poets' Corps should be formed for the front, and coarsely adds—"and a good riddance, too." I don't like that word "Corps" in its present context. Besides, we have a noble duty to perform. How can Kitchener expect to raise his new army once the clarion call of the poets is silenced? No, we must rouse the warlike spirit in the slumbering youth of England and sing loudly of Manhood, Duty, and the Flag. The white feather dodge *is* good.

Your affectionate, but somewhat worried,
PERCY.

Miss Cora Weinbaum replies:

"The Flagstaff,"
Folkestone.
September 6th, 1914.

Darling Percy,—

I've got the hump of this war—in fact, I'm quite fed up with it, and I wish something else would turn up to relieve the monotony. The "white feather" trick is off, solely because of the jealousy and lack of spirit of certain women. I did all the work, arranged the feathers in bundles, but when it came to choosing volunteers for this splendid work, everyone backed out. They all talked enough about it, but not one of them has the pluck to go round the town handing out the badges of cowardice. I would do it myself except for the fact that I'm chucking the whole thing up in disgust. I feel too unnerved to write any more, so you must wait until I am a little calmer.

With much love,
Yours ever,
CORA.

P.S.—I am sending you on a batch of white feathers which are useless to me now. Perhaps you can put them to some appropriate use among your friends.
M.L.

A becoming hat is the nearest approach to a halo—especially if it is trimmed with a bird-of-paradise plume.

* * *

The world is hard because all the soft places have been taken long ago.

* * *

A woman hates a man who talks against her sex, because that is a privilege she reserves for herself.

* * *

Providence made woman and then discovered it had produced a problem for which it could supply no solution.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

THE SCALE TRICK.

"Your daughter's music is improving," said the professor. "But when she plays the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

"Just like her father," answered Mrs. Nuritch. "He made his money in the grocery business."

* * *

Johnson: I knew that man when he hadn't a shilling in his pocket.

Wilson: Why, did he ask you to lend him one?

Johnson: No, I asked him to lend me one.

* * *

PLEDGING HIS FUTURE.

Jones: Do you think a man's future can be predicted by his handwriting?

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